You haue no children diuels, if you had,
The thought of them would then haue ſtopt your rage,
But if you euer hope to haue a ſonne,
Looke in his youth to haue him ſo cut off,
As traitors you haue done this ſweet young Prince.
Edw. Away, and beare her hence.
Queene. Nay nere beare me hence, diſpatch
Me heere, heere ſheathe thy ſword,
Ile pardon thee my death. Wilt thou not?
Then *Clarence*, do thou do it.
Cla. By heauen I would not do thee ſo much eaſe.
Queene. Good *Clarence* do, ſweet *Clarence* kill me too.
Cla. Didſt thou not heare me ſweare I would not do it?
Queen. I, but thou vſeſt to forſweare thy ſelfe,
Twas ſinne before, but now tis charity.
Where's the diuels butcher, hard-fauoured *Richard*,
Richard where art thou? He is not here,
Murder is his almes-deed,
Petitioners for blood, hee'l nere put backe.
Edw. Away I ſay, and take her hence perforce.
Qu. So come to you and yours, as to this Prince. *Exit.*
Edw. Clarence, whether is Gloſter gone?
Cla. Marry my Lord to London, and as I gueſſe,
To make a bloody ſupper in the Tower.
Edw. He is ſudden if a thing come in his head.
Well, diſcharge the common ſoldiors with pay
and thanks, and now lets toward London,
To ſee our gentle Queene how ſhe doth fare,
For by this I hope ſhe hath a ſonne for vs. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Gloſter to King Henry in the Tower.

Glo. Good day my Lord. What at your booke ſo hard?
Hen. I my good Lord. Lord I ſhould ſay rather,
Tis ſinne to flatter, good was little better,
Good Gloſter, and good Diuell, were alike,
What ſcene of death hath *Roſius* now to acte?
Glo. Suſpition alwaies haunts a guilty minde.

Hen.